NUMB. XXX.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Nec Vox hominem Sonat, O Dea certe! VIRGIL.

FRIDAY, JULY 3. 1724.

IT is said, by a Vulgar Error, That *the Engliſh are fond of Novelty*. — I have wonder'd, a Thouſand Times, how this Notion became eſtabliſh'd: For, that Nothing is more falſe, in Fact, may be proved, from our oldeſt Hiſtories: and is, Every Day, remarkable, in our modern, and familar Practice.

THOUGH *Ten Engliſhmen*, in Every *Twelve*, are the Deſcendants of *Foreigners*, and the very Name it ſelf, of *England*, is *Foreign*: Yet, the Notion of a *Foreigner* has been, always, ridiculouſly, diſtaſtful to us!

INNOVATIONS were ever odious to us; and we choſe rather to *neglect* Advantages, than to try an untrodden Path, for 'em. — What loſt *England* the firſt Poſſeſſion of That Gold, and Silver, World, in the *Spaniſh Weſt Indies*, but Her Diſpoſition to diſcredit *Novelty*? — Our very *Laws* depend on *Precedent*: — And the Defence, even of Rights, in Parliament, is ſupported upon What *has been*, and ſeems unconcern'd in *Why it was*. Thoſe ſcandalous Oppoſitions, which are ſo obſtinately given, to the Cleareſt Bills, for Publick Benefit, ſuch, as *Making our Rivers Navigable*, — *Putting our Lands under a Regiſter*, — *Promoting uſeful Trades*. — And *Eſtabliſhing National Fiſheries*: Are, All, convincing Inſtances, That No Nation, under Heaven have ſo fix'd an Averſion to this Encouragement of *Novelty*; which, yet, Every Body is imputing to Us, as the Reigning Humour of our Country.

BUT we have a Preſent Example, that will confirm my Remark, and for ever put to Silence Thoſe, who accuſe us of the Love of Novelty. I mean, The New Practice, of *Inoculating the Small-Pox*, on Bodies, purpoſely prepar'd to receive it: So, to prevent the uſual Danger, and Malignancy, of That Diſtemper; and ſuſtain it without the Terror, the Fatality and the Sorrow, which have, heretofore, gone along with it.

IT was a generous Undertaking, in That Publick-ſpirited Member of the *Royal Society*, who, reſolving, by *Clear Matter of Fact*, to eſtabliſh or explode, this Practice, has, with an unwearied Application, and the moſt ſtedfaſt Impartiality, inform'd Himſelf of its Succeſs, throughout all Parts of the Kingdom; and given the World an Account of it, in his Pamphlet lately publiſh'd. A Treatiſe! which deſerves the Eye, and moſt careful Conſideration, of Every Parent, who has *Reaſon*, Or who wou'd ſave a Favourite Child, the promis'd Comfort of His Life! from being ſnatch'd away, perhaps in its Bloom, by the ſudden Sweep of this Diſtemper.

IT is demonſtrated, in the mention'd Treatiſe, from a Forty Year's Examination of the Bills of Mortality, That the Small Pox carries off, at leaſt, *One*, in every *Six*, of All, whom it ſeizes, in the *Natural* Way; whereas not One, in *Fifty*, (ſcarce one, in many *Hundreds*) of Thoſe, who receive it, by *Inoculation*, have been found to die under it.

THE whole Number of Perſons, who have been ſo much as ſuſpected to Owe their Deaths to it, ever ſince its firſt Introduction, in *England*, amounts but to *Nine*, only! — They are, all, nam'd, in the Printed Account; and there is ſcarce One among them, for whoſe Death a Clearer Cauſe, than the Inoculation, is not aſſign'd, there; and atteſted, by the very Phyſicians, and Surgeons, who directed the Operation — So that Providence ſeems to have guided, and enlighten'd *Art*, in this Practice, to aſſiſt, and relieve, *Nature*, for the Preſervation of the Humane Species.

YET, with what Violence, and Malice, has it not been rail'd at, and oppos'd? — How many Falſe Affirmations have we ſeen, with unbluſhing Boldneſs, inſulting Truth, in our Publick News-Papers! — Nay, the Pulpits, too, have trembled, under the Zeal of *Reverend Railers*; who, in the holy Blindneſs of their Paſſion, have ſhewn us *Job*, upon his Dunghill; *inoculated*, for the *Small-Pox*, by the *Devil*, inſtead of a Surgeon!

IT has been repreſented, as a *Wilful Murder*! A new, and wicked, Preſumption! An Aſſault on the Prerogative of Heaven! And a Taking *God's Own* Work out of his Hands, to be mended by *Man's* Arrogance!

BUT the Common Arguments, however deſpicable, give me Diverſion, and Entertainment. — When I hear a pious Old Woman wiſely wondering, — *What This World will come to!* and concluding her Remarks with this great Maxim of Reſignation, *That God's own Time is beſt*! I compare this Force of Female Reaſoning, to the Repreſentation which, a Late Writer tells us, The old *Boyars*, or Grandees of *Ruſſia*, gravely made, to the Preſent *Czar*, when He attempted a Communication, by Digging a vaſt Canal, between the *Volga*, and the *Tanais*. — "*The Deſign*, they ſaid, was *Great*; — 'But They humbly conceiv'd it *Impious*: — For, *ſince* "*God had made the Rivers to run, one Way, Man ought not* "*to turn them Another*.

IT is an eſtabliſh'd Rule, amongſt Gameſters, "That '*Loſers ſhou'd have Leave to ſpeak*: And, for this Reaſon, I rather pity, than grow angry with an Unmarried Prude, or Coquet, when I catch 'em Railing at Inoculation, with a Thouſand *Excuſes* for it, in their *Faces*. — As it is a Comfort, to the Miſerable, to have Companions in their Miſery; ſo, it muſt be a Provocation, to theſe Fair *Invalids*, to hear of a Preſervative, for Other's Beauty, when it is too late, to ſave their Own, by it.

YET, Theſe Good Ladies, unmindful, that They carry about with them, the Cauſe of their own Peeviſhneſs, treat an Innocent Practice when they join the *Chorus* of *Railers*, as the *Indian* did the Looking Glaſs, which he found, on the Sea Side. — He was frightfully Ugly; and, ſtarting back from his own Image, threw away the Glaſs, in great Rage, with this comfortable Obſervation: — *I might have gueſs'd, Thou wert good for Nothing: Thou wouldſt not have been left here elſe.*

IT is the Obſervation of ſome Hiſtorian; But I have forgot where I met with it: That *England has ow'd to Women the Greateſt Bleſſings ſhe has been favour'd by* — In the Caſe, we are now upon This Reflection will ſtand juſtified. — We are indebted to the Reaſon, and the Courage of a *Lady*, for the Introduction of This Art; which gains ſuch Strength in its Progreſs, that the Memory of its Illuſtrious Foundreſs will be render'd Sacred, by it, to future Ages. THIS

THIS Ornament, of Her Sex, and Country, who ennobles Her own *Nobility* by Her Learning, Wit, and Vertues, accompanying Her Conſort into *Turkey*, obſerv'd the Benefit of this Practice, with its Frequency, even among thoſe obſtinate *Predeſtinarians*; and brought it over, for the Service, and the Safety, of her Native *England*: where She conſecrated its firſt Effects, on the Perſons of Her own fine Children! And has already, receiv'd this Glory from it: "That the Influence of "Her Example has reach'd as high as the Blood-Royal. And our nobleſt, and moſt antient, Families, in Confirmation of Her happy Judgment add the daily Experience of Thoſe, who are moſt Dear to them.

I HAVE ſeen a short Poetical Eſſay on the Occaſion we are now treating of. I wou'd ſay, if I meant the Verſes an *Encomium*, they shou'd be envied for, "That their *Subject* need not blush at them!

On *Lady* Mary Wortley Mountague's *bringing with Her, out of* Turkey, *The Art of Inoculating the* Small-Pox.

WHEN Greece, *reviving, into ſhort Delight,*
Felt Pride, and Comfort, at Our *Muſe's Sight*:
The Rival'd Nine *no ſooner ſaw Her Face,*
But ev'n their Envy *gave their* Wonder *Place!*
Charm'd, into Love, *of what eclips'd their Fame!*
They wak'd Apollo, *with Her pow'rful Name.*

See! — *God of* Grecian *Wit!* Urania *cries,*
How ſweet a Muſe *the Weſtern World ſupplies!*
Say? Shou'd ſhe ask ſome Favour, from your Throne,
Wou'd you bid *Her* take, *that's not* Her own?
Sparkling in Charms, the heav'nly Stranger view'
So grac'd! — ſhe ſcarce can owe a Beam, *to* You!
Beauty, *with Love,* Her *Pow'r to* Your's *prefers:*
And Wit, *and* Learning, *are, already,* Hers!

Rows'd, at Her Name, — *Receding, from Her* Eyes,
The gazing God roſe ſlow, in ſoft Surprize!
Fair Miracle, *He ſaid,* — *and paus'd, a while:*
Then, thus, — Sweet Glory, *of your envied Iſle!*
Charm'd, and oblig'd, leaſt we ungrateful ſeem,
Bear hence, at leaſt, One *Mark of our Eſteem.*
One, *of my Three, great Claims,* your *Wiſh may fit;*
Whoſe Voice is Muſick: *and whoſe Thoughts are* Wit!
Phyſick, *alone, remains, to grant you, here*
A Skill! your godlike Pity *will* endear.
Form'd, to give Wounds, *which muſt No Eaſe procure,*
Atone *your Influence, by New Arts, to* cure.
Beauty's chief Foe, a fear'd, and fierce Diſeaſe!
Bows, at my Beck; and knows, it's God's *Decrees.*
Breath'd, in this Kiſs, *take Pow'r, to tame it's Rage:*
And, from it's Rancour, free *the reſcu'd Age.*
High, o'er each Sex, in Double *Empire, ſit:*
Protecting Beauty, *and inſpiring* Wit.

A Journey into *Greece* being the Subject of theſe Verſes, *Parnaſſus* lay a little too directly in the Way. — I ſhou'd, elſe, have been out of Humour, That the Force of the Author's Fancy took its *Turn*, from the *Pagan Syſtem*: and does *Apollo* as much Honour, as the *Lady*, who is worth a Thouſand of him. But, it is an uncommon Misfortune, to Her Vaſt Genius, "That "the Only Thing in the World, worth knowing, and "not known, to *Her*, is, *Her own prodigious Excellence.* — So, ſhe is neither able, nor willing, to deſcribe it, Her ſelf; and No Verſe, but Her Own, can ſoar high enough, for Her Merit — The *ſweeteſt* of our *Engliſh Poets* has endeavour'd it with leſs Succeſs, than attended any of his other Compoſitions: And, if a *Nameleſs One* has miſs'd it, after him, He has, at leaſt, This Conſolation, "That He miſcarries in ſuch Company, as it "is a Kind of Honour to go aſtray with.

I WOU'D not, however, be miſtaken, in this Cenſure — The Verſes, I mean, abound with *Wit*. — They have only an Air of wanton Levity, that looks too merry, to be enough in Earneſt, and gives them the Turn of a *ſmiling Satire*. — Praiſe ought always to be *ſerious*, when it is addreſs'd to the *Perſon prais'd*, and where the *Subject* is of Weight, and Dignity.

THERE is, I know, a *Pert* Species of *Panegyrick*, which has been admir'd, in the Examples of *Balzac*, *Voiture*, and other *French* Writers; who, when they wou'd praiſe *Kings*, and *Heroes*, took 'em, ironically, to *Task*: and *chid* 'em, by Way of *Commendation*. — But, to ſpeak, like a *PLAIN DEALER*, ſuch familiar, and ſmart *Encomiums* imply ſomething, like a Senſe of ſuperior Qualities, in the over conſcious Beſtowers of 'em. — Some of the Verſes, juſt now hinted at, have a little too much of the *Sportive*; but Nothing of the *French Arrogance*.

Then, bravely, fair Dame,
Renew the old Claim,
That, to your whole Sex does belong:
And let us receive,
From a ſecond bright Eve,
The Knowledge of Right, *and of* Wrong.

But, if the Firſt Eve
Had Doom did receive,
When only One Apple *had She;*
What a Puniſhment New,
Muſt be found out for You,
Who have taſted, and robb'd, the whole Tree.

THIS is exquiſite, and lively, *Wit!* But it is Wit, of too *brisk* a Species, for the Purpoſe, it is applied to. — If a *Barriſter* ſhou'd take a Fancy to *dance* in his *Pleading*, wou'd the Judge admit his *skill* in Excuſe of his *Indecorum*? — This Praiſe, ſo gayly given, wou'd have ſurpriz'd, like a Flaſh of Lightning; where, inſtead of being the *profeſs'd Subject*, It had been ſtruck out, *unexpectedly*. — As it is, It looks like Trifling; and miſrepreſents the Author, as not charm'd into *Reverence* of the Worth he celebrates. It ſpeaks him Regardleſs; and but Half *Intent*: — and is like tripping, antickly, over a Drawing Room, which is accuſtom'd to Steps of *Majeſty*.

IF ever This Remark ſhou'd Fall in the Way of that Excellent Writer, and He ſhou'd not, Himſelf, think, as I do; I ſhall fear, I have been miſtaken. But, It is the Duty of Every Man, when he aſſumes the *Critick*, to ſpeak frankly his Opinion, what is an *Error*, and what an *Excellence*; that His Reaſons being weigh'd, by the Reader's Impartiality, may contribute to produce that *Judgment*, which is the ſole, good, End of Criticiſm.

BUT, to return to the Lady, from whoſe extenſive Benevolence, we receiv'd the Art we have been ſpeakin of; — It is a Godlike Delight, That her Reflection muſt be conſcious of! when she conſiders, to whom we owe, "That many Thouſand *Britiſh Lives* will be "ſav'd, every Year, to the Uſe, and Comfort, of their "Country, after a General Eſtabliſhment of this "Practice"! — A *Good*! ſo laſting, and ſo vaſt! that none, of thoſe wide Endowments, and deep Foundations, of *publick Charity*, which have made moſt Noiſe, in the World, deſerve, at all, to be compar'd with it

SAADI, the *Perſian* Author, of the Work, call'd *Gutiſtan*, tells a Story, of Three Sages; — A *Greek*, an *Indian*, and a *Perſian*; who, in Preſence of a King of *Perſia*, debated, on this Queſtion. "*Which, of All* "*Evils, was moſt Grievous?*" — The *Grecian* ſaid, *Old Age*, oppreſs'd with *Poverty*. — The *Indian* anſwer'd, *Pain*, under *Impatience*. — But the *Perſian* decided it, to be, *Death*, without *Good Works*, before it.

If the Want of *Good Works* is all, that makes *Death* Terrible, The Great Beſtower of the mentioned Bleſſing cannot fail to die, with *Chearfulneſs*. — It muſt be Impoſſible for Her to want *Joy*, at Her Laſt Moments: But it may be fear'd, she will carry it away with her to the other World; — For *This* will be left, in *Sorrow*.

Printed for *J. Roberts*, in *Warwick-Lane*. Where *Letters* and *Advertiſements* are taken in.